MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYBODY

PICKS OUT SOME MORE NOTABLES ON BROADWAY.

Stake Holder Who Was Once an All Night Waiter—Man Who Lives Nobody Knows How—Bookmakers With Ups and Downs—Some Soldiers of Fortune.

The man who knows everybody had another chance to size up notables on Broadway last week, including men who at different times have been identified with the sporting game. He called a friend's attention to a dapper little fellow with a black mustache and a pink in his buttonhole who was hurrying along past the Flatiron Building.

"I remember when that man was a waiter in an all night restaurant in Sixth avenue," he remarked with a laugh. "He knew a lot of night owls and was always popular, but he had higher aims and soon got a place as bartender in a big hotel, where he's remained as the chief drink mixer ever since.

"But in this capacity he has not won his present fame. Not a bit of it. It's because of the large sums of money that have been posted with him as stakeholder. He's held thousands of dollars in election bets and has also been a very busy turf commissioner in recent years. He's made a pot of money too, for he always charges a 10 per cent. fee, which he deducts from winning wagers of all kinds. They tell me he's got a house up on the West Side and drives a fast trotter up the Speedway on pleasant days. Does he ever bet himself on any kind of a proposition? Not so as you can notice it, because he's a wise guy, not a lobster, see?

"Here's another well known character who manages to live somehow, although nobody can explain the method. He's dabbled in the racing game for many years and has enjoyed the confidence of several millionaires.

"Some time ago he induced some rich men to build a racetrack in a neighboring State and told them that he's arranged to have betting go on unmolested. They believed in him and spent half a million or more in building one of the finest plants imaginable. But when they tried to race the authorities stepped in and stopped the speculation so quickly that the track was soon closed and is now in ruins.

"This man also caused a lot of ill feeling among the friends of a bookmaker who was sent to Sing Sing for shooting somebody. He said he knew one of the jurors who tried the prisoner and guaranteed that there'd be a disagreement. But his juror was the first to demand a verdict of murder in the first degree.

"Later this soldier of fortune had a row with a wealthy turfman and they didn't speak for a year. Then came some dark days in Wall Street and the turfman got some hard knocks. One day soon after that the men met at an uptown hotel and the owner of racehorses said 'Howdy!' just in a formal way. In telling of the incident later this nervy person remarked:

"'I felt sorry for him, you know, so I let him speak to me!' This story has been retold many times, and it always raises a laugh.

"I don't believe there's a bookmaker anywhere who has had the ups and downs of this veteran coming toward us. He's handled all kinds of money in his day, yet he's broke, they say.

"Twenty years ago he was one of the attractions in the betting rings on the local racetracks. They used the old blocks and blackboards in those days, and this fellow always drew a crowd. He was a daring operator and seldom allowed a day to pass without startling racegoers by his spectacular behavior.

"Some days it was believed that he was lit up a trifle, and when he boosted a favorite and begged people to bet with him he got a tremendous play. But he generally knew what he was about and on numerous occasions he laid dead ones for fabulous sums. But as the horse playing public grew wiser and wiser he soon found that he could not take such liberties, and after a while his immense bankroll began to get thin.

"Rival bookmakers with more up to date methods soon took his business away, and last year he practically quit the game, visiting the tracks now and then only as a lookeron.

"Our rotund friend over there is well known to the sporting public as a promoter of various athletic events. He lives over in Jersey, where he became interested in baseball in the '80s. Then he grew enthusiastic and branched out as a manager of a big league team, but the job was too big for him and he blew it after one year of unhappiness.

"Then it was that he conceived the idea that New Yorkers wanted six day bicycle races, cakewalks, prizefights and Marathons; so he plunged into these ventures with so much vigor and success that he soon monopolized them here and made plenty of money. He's talking to another self-made person who has been identified with sports for years.

"The latter was born in England and came here twenty-five years ago without a button. He got the baseball fever and sold score cards in a Western city. Then somebody discovered him and he went to a New England town, where he made a success. But New York was the magnet and he soon came here with a head full of ideas.

"He became not only a purveyor of score cards and peanuts at baseball parks but also a caterer at racetracks and big indoor shows, until he's now said to be a millionaire. He's a stockholder in several banks and trust companies, owns a lot of real estate and several automobiles and has a box at the opera.

"Don't you know that little thickset Irishman? Why, he's refereed many big fights and has been a famous baseball umpire. He never took a drink or smoked a cigar in his life and can fight like a wildcat. He hails from the Pennsylvania coal regions and is one of the funniest story tellers I've ever met.

"He often tells a yarn of how he once brought his old father to New York to see the sights and how his father as he walked up Cortlandt street from the ferry passed under the Ninth avenue elevated road. 'Well, I'll be gol darned, son, if that ain't the Brooklyn Bridge I've heard tell of so much!' said the old gentleman, whereupon rather than take any further chances the little Irishman led his father back to the ferry and sent him back home on the first train.

"Here's a well known East Sider who has just hopped into politics with both feet. He's been a referee of fights and has also been a liberal horse player. He's always got coin and diamonds and finds Broadway at times more congenial than the Bowery.

"They say he has a record as a rough and tumble artist, but I can tell you of one scrap in which he finished second. He refereed a fight at a local club years ago and gave a decision against a pugilist whose manager was the brother of a big Tammany man. Before he could get out of the ring after handing down his verdict he got a swift punch on the jaw that put him on the floor.

"The beaten pugilist's manager was the one who hit him. The referee didn't retaliate. Oh, no! He knew that it was all in the family, and being a henchman of the Tammany politician he took the wallop without a murmur.

"He's got a namesake who's also made a name for himself as a fight referee. The latter has been the owner of several racehorses and has saved some money. He's got a son up in a New England preparatory school and intends to send him to Yale.

"No, he doesn't give much time to ring matters nowadays, although he's been mentioned as a possible referee of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. He's a fan on football, however, and sees all the big games. Here he comes now with a former Tammany man who once had a lot of power. They've been friends since boyhood.

"There's a man in front of that hotel who enjoys life. He's the trainer of one of the biggest racing stables in America. Years ago he was a jockey of some prominence and then handled the starter's flag. But he soon got a chance to train racehorses, and he's handled some of the most famous thoroughbreds in the world.

"He always spends the winter afternoons on Broadway, but along in February he goes down to Sheepshead Bay to begin working his horses. Then he gets up before sunrise and until the snow begins to fly in the fall he's busy at the track. He draws a princely salary and also receives a percentage of his employer's stake winnings, which nets a handsome amount each year.

"Now we run across another former bookmaker who has about tired of the game. Several years ago he booked in partnership with a well known operator now dead, and together they conducted what was called 'The Big Store.' No wager was too big for them to handle and they created a sensation on the New York tracks.

"It was said at the time that a 'sporty' millionaire furnished the bankroll for them, but whether he did or not the fact remains that they handled more money in two months than was ever before recorded. Then the Jockey Club frowned on their operations and they took down their slate. This fellow quit the tracks a year ago to sell razors, but he went back for a while last season and did business until somebody welched on him for $2,000, which was all he won in his short experience.

"The stout, well fed man with a jovial countenance? Oh, he's a theatrical manager who never misses a prizefight and always sits close to the ropes. I'll bet he'll go to Frisco to see the big mill next July. He'd feel very bad if he missed it.

"Yes, he goes to the racetracks in the summer and makes some pretty stiff bets. Does he win? Well, he's always with the wise set, and that counts for something, you know.

"Don't overlook these two Tammany contractors! The one with eyeglasses is well known in Albany. He was a crack amateur boxer in his younger days and would like to see a boxing bill pass the Legislature. He's always at the big bouts and has made plenty of money out of politics and contracts.

"The other man owns racehorses and is a member of a firm that has built some big railroad terminals and may construct a subway some of these days. He's a typical New Yorker and has come to the front with a rush.

"Last but not least we have here a famous patron of amateur athletics. He has fought his way up from the lower rung of the ladder with remarkable success. An athlete himself twenty-five years ago, he got into the publishing business and made some profitable connections. Yet he never forgot amateur sport and has made his mark in the control of athletics in this country.

"He has received honors in European countries, and has also been personally congratulated by a President of the United States for the part he has played in promoting the Olympic games. He's a strong advocate of all manly sports and is also a recognized authority."

TELEPHONE POLITENESS.

No Courtesy Yields Better Returns Than That Sent Over the Wires.

In the head office of a business concern that has branch establishments in various parts of the city a visitor seeking information was told that the man who knew about that made his headquarters at such and such a branch.

"I will see where he is now," said the office man and without further ado he picked up the telephone on his desk.

The man sought was not at the first branch and the office man hung up the receiver for a moment but almost instantly took it down again for another call; the exchange service was prompt and sure, and to this second call he got an equally prompt answer, but the man sought was not there either.

At the next, the third call, which was answered with equal promptness, the office man met with a little detention. When he had answered the question put and the man looked for was not there, the man at the other end had a word he wanted to say on his own account and he took this opportunity to say it, while the office man here with the receiver at his ear listened, and then in a moment he smiled as he listened, and said into the transmitter:

"Ha! Is that so!" and keeping the receiver at his ear and still smiling, he said a moment later, as the man at the other end went on:

"That was very good!" for he was pleased or amused, with what he heard.

Then the office man hung up, and a moment later took the receiver again and tried No. 4 branch, and there they said that the man sought was not there, but would be at 2 P. M.; and at that place and hour the visitor found him, having in the meantime been spared the trouble and loss of time that would have been involved in hunting all over town following him around.

Remarkable as ever is the telephone; but after all what most struck the man looking for somebody in this particular instance was the manner in which it was here used. The office man was an expert at it, but he was also a good deal more than that. Quick as he was, he was also courteous, thoughtful, considerate. These were all subordinates to whom he had spoken, but to every one he had spoken heartily, humanly, in man to man fashion. He had wasted no time about it, but there was a friendly note in his voice, and in every case he had found the man at the other end of the wire right there on the job and promptly responsive. When he had come to that man who wanted to say something to him he had listened not merely patiently but with interest and with an interest that was real, as the man at the other end very well knew.

Fine all this was, the visitor thought; human, and, incidentally, likely to promote devotion to the concern's interest; it was good business all around.

On another occasion in this same office the same visitor happened to be present when a call came in and as might have been expected the office man answered the call politely. Which also is very good business, to answer the telephone politely, for until you hear his voice you never can tell who it is at the other end of the wire. It may be some office boy calling up to see if you are in or it may be the boss himself with a big order, which he may be prompted to take elsewhere if he gets a gruff answer.

Whether it comes naturally or not it pays and pays well, in better service gained and in better all around results; it pays to be polite on the telephone.

Mountain Lions in New Mexico.

Albuquerque correspondence Denver Republican.

John Swanson of Hillsboro, N. M., killed a big mountain lion in a fierce combat yesterday at his camp on the Animas River. A small dog treed the lion and Swanson, who had a rifle and three cartridges, emptied them into the brute, wounding it.

The lion leaped from the three, killed the dog and charged Swanson. He defended himself by clubbing the beast with the gun, and it broke the stock off with a blow of its paw. Swanson continued the fight with the barrel, finally beat off the infuriated lion and killed it.

Fourteen mountain lions have been killed near Hillsboro in the last month.

FIRE FIGHTERS OF EUROPE

SLEIGHS IN THE ST. PETERSBURG DEPARTMENT.

Automobile Outfit in Berlin—Hand Pump in a Gondola in Venice—German Bicycle Corps—The Ladder in the London Street for Emergency Use.

Fire fighting as it is done in New York city and its vicinity is a subject about which the average New Yorker is likely to know more than he does about anything else not immediately in his own line of business or pleasure, and the average New Yorker will tell you any time that there is not in all the world a finer lot of smoke eaters than those under the command of Chief Croker. New York firemen have many advantages over the firemen of some other cities, as will be seen by glancing at the pictures on this page; yet in at least two of the pictures it will be seen that other cities offer their firemen advantages not possessed by the firemen here.

New York has sent men to England and the Continent to study police systems and traffic regulation, but the fire fighting methods of the larger cities on the other side of the Atlantic have never received the same attention. The New York department is good enough.

Glance at the reproduction of the photograph taken in St. Petersburg. There is a machine that no doubt would have come in handy during the weather that recently visited New York, especially during the many days when some of the streets remained covered with snow and ice. A fire engine on skids, though it is merely the old time pump, can get over ground quickly in places where there is little attention paid to street cleaning, though of course there are not many days in a year when such a machine would be of use in New York.

The photograph taken in Berlin shows an automobile fire fighting outfit. Paris and London also have automobile engines, trucks and hose carriages, but New York is able to boast of only one auto hose cart. There isn't a doubt in the mind of many persons who saw horses stumbling through the streets in response to alarms during the recent freezes that the advantages of the automobile fire engine and truck are manifold. New York no doubt will come to the automobile sooner or later, but present indications are that horses will pull heavy engines through the streets of Manhattan and Brooklyn until the stranger within our gates stares as he does now at the antiquated horse cars of the Belt Line and Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets. On the other hand Paris and other Continental cities have in their fire departments many of the old style hand engines, a type of apparatus not seen in these parts for many years except in New Jersey and on Long Island. But the hand engine of the Continent is not the four wheeled affair represented in old prints. It is a much lighter engine, mounted on two wheels and pulled by men. It is used principally at small fires of the kind known here as one alarm fires. Such engines are very handy for running around the block when a lace curtain catches fire or an excited citizen turns in an alarm for a burning chimney.

The fireman of Venice, it will be seen, is handicapped in more ways than one. He is up against a proposition somewhat like that of the Ancient Mariner. There is water, water everywhere, but mighty little advantage in the fact.

Prancing horses are as much out of the question as an automobile would be, but they do have fireboats. A Venetian fireboat, with its hand pump amidships and its three gondolier firemen, is a novel sight to the visitor. A stream of water can be thrown as high as the second story of a Venetian palace when necessary with one of these engines. Fortunately fires are few in Venice.

No doubt if Venice were a suburb of New York and its fire fighting were done by the village vamp small motor boats would take the place of the gondola, and there would be lots of fun watching the volunteers row from their homes to the fireboat house. Of course they couldn't fight over the possession of the fire hydrant when rival companies reached the scene of the fire, but there could be some dispute over position in the canal.

In some of the smaller German towns, it will be seen from the picture, firemen go to fires on bicycles, and the hand engine, mounted on wheels, is propelled like a tricycle. It is a swift and effective method, but is not likely to be imitated in this country.

London's fire brigade has few if any superiors, and there are features of the service which no other city possesses. The fire guard station shown in the picture is one of them.

Also there are American cities that have things not to be found in New York. Over in Boston some of the fire hose is wired and connected with a dry battery and the man at the nozzle has only to press a button in order to signal for water or for the stream to be shut off. In other cities the chemical engine is used to a great extent and has been found very effective in the case of small fires.

In Europe, as in America, there are still many towns whose chief reliance is the bucket brigade, but New York is about the only city that has a coffee wagon for its firemen.

UMBRELLA RINGS.

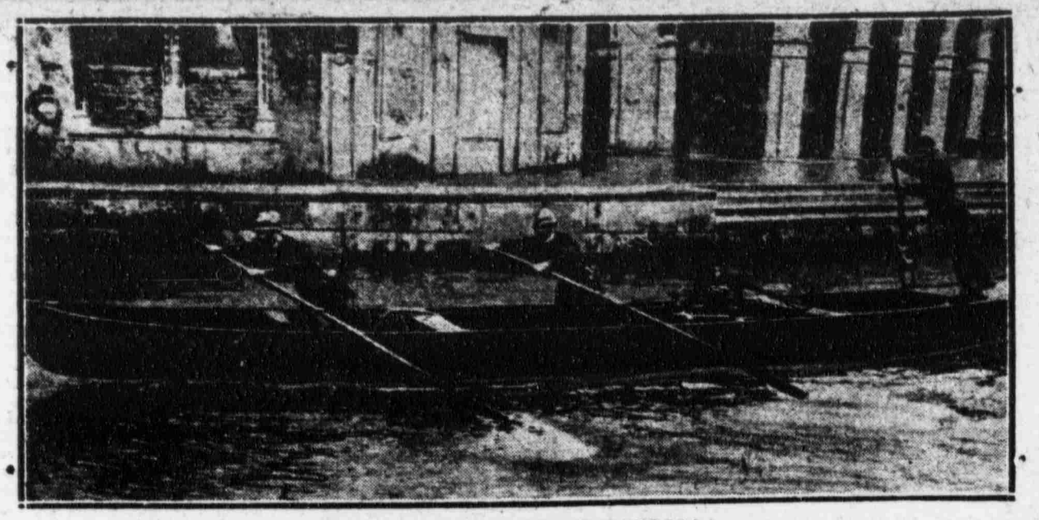
What Men Use Them For, and Why Women Do Not Use Them.

"For a good many years," said an observing citizen, "I have seen from time to time men in the streets selling umbrella rings, the familiar stout little rings of rubber, made in gray and in red, intended to slip over the umbrella's handle and over the tips of the ribs.

"Sometimes in fair weather, but oftener in foul, you may see these men standing in the streets holding out little flat trays covered with umbrella rings, which they sell at five cents each or two for a nickel. It is usually older men who are seen selling umbrella rings, men presumably of experience in street selling, who would not waste time in offering things that would not sell, but for all that with all the umbrella ring men that I have ever seen I have never but once seen a man actually sell a ring.

"But a very attractive young woman who is also observing tells me that this has only just happened; that as a matter of fact the umbrella ring men sell many rings to men carrying an umbrella which when not in use they don't want to take the trouble to roll up. Then they slip the ring down over the rib tips to keep them from spreading out and catching in their own or other people's clothes as they carry them, or from catching in fences or in bannister rails.

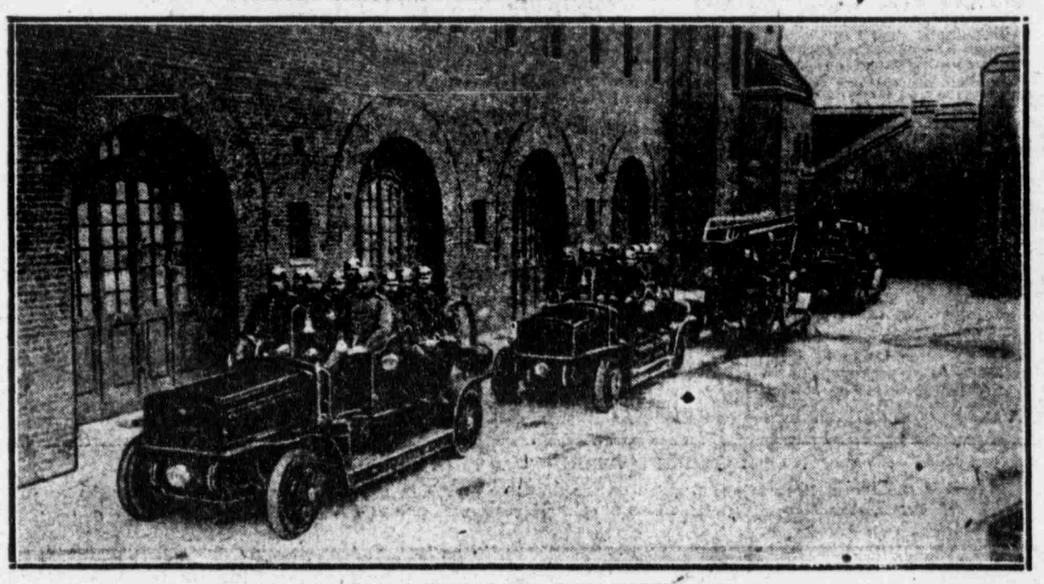
"She tells me incidentally that girls never buy umbrella rings, in the streets or in the stores, for the reason that they have no use for them, a girl always carrying her umbrella when not spread neatly rolled, prompted thereto by her natural inclination to have everything about herself and all her belongings as well trim and sightly in appearance."



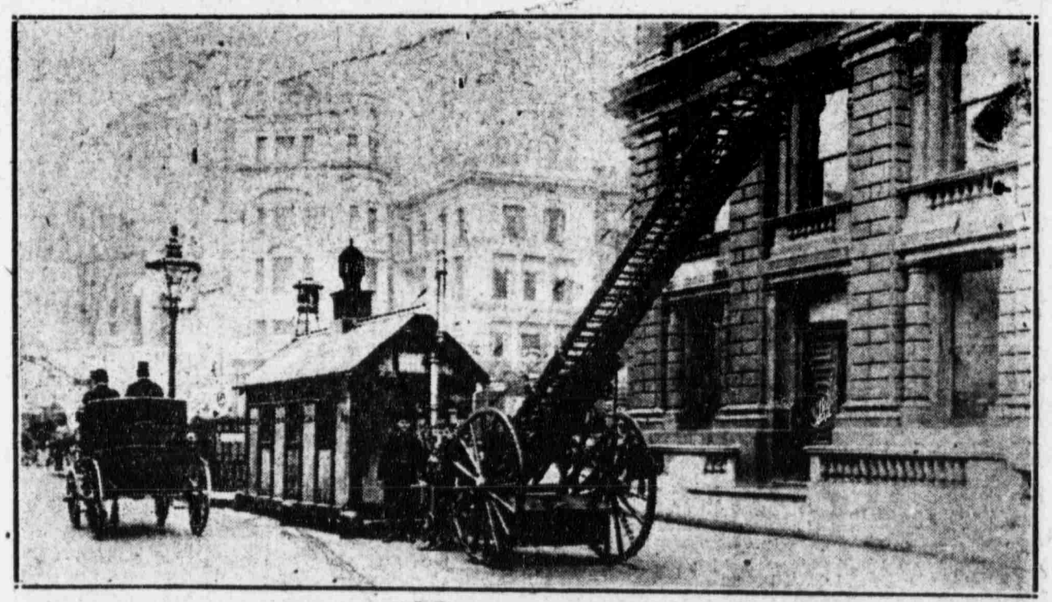
VENETIAN FIRE ENGINE IN A GONDOLA.

CYCLE FIRE APPARATUS IN A SMALL GERMAN TOWN.

FIRE APPARATUS ON RUNNERS IN ST. PETERSBURG.



BERLIN AUTOMOBILE FIRE OUTFIT.



FIRE GUARD IN LONDON FOR CASES OF EMERGENCY.

FOR CHINESE DEAF MUTES.

Only School of the Kind in China Conducted by an American Woman.

There is only one school for deaf mutes in China, and it is conducted by an American woman. Mrs. Annetta T. Mills, formerly a teacher in the school for deaf mutes at Rochester.

Mrs. Mills is an independent missionary, working under no church, and her school is supported largely by deaf mutes in the United States. In it she tea deaf mute Chinese children to read speak Chinese, and to read it from the lips of others.

The difficulties of this task are very great. Mrs. Mills invented her own method. Written English rests upon twenty-six characters, which represent all the sounds in the spoken language. With deaf mutes different positions of the ten fingers represent the letters of the alphabet, and these learned it is simple to spell out anything upon the hands.

But in Chinese each word in the language has a written character to represent it; and these characters are often complicated and difficult to make. There is no spelling in Chinese.

Mrs. Mills invented a manual translation of the Chinese language for deaf mutes, an achievement absolutely unique. She has also taught deaf mute children to read Chinese from the lips of those who speak it and to articulate correctly a language so full of tone shades that the acutest foreign ear can hardly distinguish between them.

Mrs. Mills has nineteen deaf mute boys in her school at Chifu. When Chinese persons who know that these boys are deaf mutes visit the school and hear them speaking and reading they are dumfounded. Some believe it a miracle. Highly educated natives are almost as much astonished as the low class people.

There are probably 400,000 deaf mutes in China, it is estimated, and their lot is worse than that of persons similarly afflicted in the West. It is the general belief among the Chinese masses that they are possessed of evil spirits, and they are maltreated, despised and shunned.

COLLEGE PANTOMIME CLASS

GIRLS LEARNING EXPRESSION WITHOUT WORDS.

Divided Into Groups They Enact Cinderella in Dumb Show While Mme. Alberti Advises and Criticises—Learn Also to Study Others' Movements.

At Teachers College, on Morningside Heights, a group of young women on Friday mornings are learning the art of expression—pantomimic expression. That is, they are studying the art of manifesting through movement alone any and every kind of mood or intent or thought.

The members of the class have no intention of going on the stage, the primary purpose being to teach the members of the class to express themselves adequately for what is known as "general culture" reasons. A secondary purpose is to teach them to read accurately the movements and motions of others with whom they come in contact.

Mme. Alberti is in charge of this academic branch. The college girl gets the same training as her sister of the footlights. A revival of the old time pantomime has been threatened, and in that event the college girls will be ready and waiting to show their ability; but lacking a stage opportunity they practise upon their unsuspecting fellows.

"You do not need to tell me of what you are thinking," said one pretty student. "You show your mood in your movement. When you walk into the room your every motion betrays you to the eye of the trained observer. Study of pantomimic expression is more potent for character reading than all other methods used—canny and uncanny—put together."

Of course, the character reading stage is advanced and comes only after much training and practice, and the most of the young students need not yet be feared much. So you may with comparative safety go among them to see just how this new branch of education is conducted. The girls meet in a big room with a lot of clear floor space and a few chairs lined at one side of the wall. On those sit the members of the class divided into groups.

You learn that each group is a "company," each going to give its own representation of "Cinderella," using pantomime alone and that they will all mutually observe and criticise each other's interpretations and performance.

Mme. Alberti calls out the first "company," and a group detaches itself. The first scene shows the haughty sisters—oh, so haughty! in every line and feature—who sit in state upon a high bench while the poor little Cinderella crouches humbly—oh, so humbly—upon a lower and presumably much harder bench. But she is not allowed to sit for long. She is hoisted up and made to get her sisters ready for the ball but retaliates by applying cosmetics—that is, pantomimic cosmetics—to the faces of the haughty sisters right in plain view of the audience. The haughty sisters seem somewhat taken aback, but they are powerless to prevent her, for each is entirely free and unhampered in her interpretation.

After the sisters have swept away, most haughtily, the fairy godmother appears as scheduled in the stately guise that is the conception of the stately young woman who portrays her. Most dramatic she is, and she plucks horses and robes and jewels out of the air as grandly as could be desired. Little Cinderella is ransformed, receives her instructions and whirls away.

The next scene is the dance and the haughty sisters furnish a most pitiable example of poetic justice as they sit unspoken by the wall. They glare haughtily at the beautiful princess who was Cinderella as she dances and dances again—it is a twostep—with the handsome young prince, who is as full of airs and graces as could be desired. But suddenly Cinderella stops short, gazes excitedly at the wall the striking clock is evidently there—and flees away, easily outstripping the airy, graceful young prince, who tries to catch her.

He gives up the chase as he stumbles over an imaginary something which he stops to pick up. The slipper! He pockets it and steps blithely away.

Next you are reintroduced to the assortment of benches and occupants of the first scene. The haughty sisters perceptibly brighten up, however, as the prince steps in, airily and gracefully. They seem to know instinctively what he wants, for each extends her foot for trial even before he has well appeared. Alas, again, for their haughtinesses! For again poetic justice comes forward. The imaginary slipper won't go on and despite the protestations of the stepsisters the prince advances upon the humble and disconsolate Cinderella crouching upon her lowly bench, with the well known result. The finale is touching. For before Cinderella will be persuaded to go away with his highness she, lowly and humble to the end, tries to make peace with the haughty sisters only to be spurned. So the curtain goes down tragically, so to speak, as the heroine walks out mournfully with the high stepping prince.

The first "company" resumes its seats to the accompaniment of hearty applause from the rival groups. While the first performance is interesting, the second is far more so because of the opportunity to compare the interpretations.

The second "company's" stepsisters are not the lofty, disdainful type first portrayed. They love too much to make a personal affair out of their displeasure, so they slap and knock about poor little Cinderella, who has not much opportunity to sit mournfully on her bench. Cinderella herself refuses to be mournful and takes her buffets with surprising if philosophic calm.

The fairy godmother too when she arrives shortly after the departure of the slapping sisters for the ball shows herself in entirely different guise from her prototype. She has no wish to be stately. She comes hopping in in the most approved witch broomstick fashion. She rolls in the pumpkin, measures out the horses and evolves the beautiful lady from the little hearth girl with such absurd grotesqueness that she takes her audience by storm.

Stateliness is found embodied in the young prince at the ball. He is far too regal to succumb to airs and graces. No greater contrast could be found than between his royal highness with the sprightly Cinderella and the same characters of a few minutes before, the airy prince and his clinging companion. The stepsisters, too, now refuse to sit tamely though haughtily by the wall. They have far too much spirit. They refrain from scratching and biting, though that is manifestly what they desire to do, and get up and dance together.

After the hour has arrived and the mysterious beauty has flown, leaving only the slipper as clue, the scene breaks up, quickly to be succeeded by the last. Back again at home the stepsisters are buffeting the unfortunate girl when arrives—not the prince! He is far too regal to come unannounced. So the erstwhile witch godmother appears as herald, trumpeting most lustily, supposedly through her hands. In due time his highness arrives and with properly distant air looks on at the unsuccessful fittings of the imaginary shoe. He allows himself a little enthusiasm, however, when the herald fits it on the foot of Cinderella, and though he does not allow himself to embrace her he starts to lead her away in a kindly if condescending manner.

The stepsisters intercept the departure and throw themselves upon their knees before the retreating couple but the buffeted Cinderella will have none of them. The herald assists in clearing them away and the sprightly heroine and her stately lover depart for everlasting bliss.

And so it goes through the groups—each "company" giving its own interpretation to the familiar story. After each performance Mme. Alberti criticises and advises and the girls are allowed free play in asking and suggesting themselves.